

HOPE FOR THE BEST AT THE GARRICK.

["A play is not to show occurrences that happen every day, but things just so strange that, though they never did, they might happen."—*The Critic*.]

THIS piece might easily, and with greater dramatic effect, have been constructed in three acts. In what may be termed the "latter-patter" days of CHARLES MATHEWS, the materials that have been used to make *Pilkerton's Peerage* at the Garrick would have served a skilled dramatist for an hour's light comedy at the Lyceum.

During three acts it is chiefly a drama of "Dolly Dialogues," with stage directions artistically carried out. *Pilkerton* wants a peerage; the Prime Minister's private secretary "wishes he may get it"; *Pilkerton* does get it by incidentally threatening to make himself politically objectionable, and, directly, by giving his daughter, "with a werry large fortune in silver and gold," to the aforesaid antagonistic Private Secretary. Strange, but quite possible. Three acts pass in the Private Secretary's room in the official residence of the Premier, in Downing Street, which apartment seems to have been designed by an architect with no inconsiderable experience in the scenic requirements of most French farces, although one of the properties usually valuable in such scenes, that is, a screen, is absolutely on the stage for three acts, without anybody, male or female, being concealed behind it! Strange, again, but quite possible. This is indeed a bold departure from tradition. Only occasionally does Mr. BOURCHIER retire behind it—that is, in front of it—in order to give his hair a brush up, and, of course, keeping himself well in view of the audience. A screen on the stage is a cumbersome property, as, when it is not essential to the action, it attracts attention and is an inartistic item. Among all the memorable "screen scenes," from the great original in *The School for Scandal*, down to that clever one in *Lady Windermere's Fan*, this in *Pilkerton's Peerage* must stand out as unique.

We may lack dramatists, but we have actors and acting. A thin plot, no "situations," sharp dialogue delivered at a rattling pace by actors in a hurry, whose occasional pause for breath suggests to the audience that there must be some point worth attention in the sentence they have just uttered. But Mr. HOPE's genuine epigrams, when he treats us to them, need neither measured tone nor weighty manner.

MISS EVA MOORE is a lively representative of *Lady Hetty Wrey*, and Mrs. MAESMORE MORRIS is clearly the *Ida Pilkerton* of the author's fancy, a young lady, wonderfully ingenuous, who falls in love at first sight, and does her own lovemaking without much assistance from the male object on whom she has "flopped her young affections." Strange, again, but just possible. Neither part is strong, for it is a man's piece, and the last act, which is admirable, is so in spite of these two ladies being dragged in for no purpose whatever, their presence greatly interfering with the action. Undoubtedly the last act is out and away the best. Mr. BOURCHIER, good throughout, is excellent in this scene. Mr. ESMOND, as the ever-laughing-at-nothing unpaid Private Secretary, is amusing, but it is an impossible part when considered in its relation to his master, as not the most *distrain* or obtuse prime minister that ever existed could, after a short while, tolerate such a honey-and-butter-mouthed young man as is Mr. HOPE's *Earl of Addisworth, M.P.*

The *Joshua Pilkerton* of Mr. JERROLD ROBERTSHAW is a careful and clever performance, while Mr. H. B. WARNER, as his son, affectionate yet over-awed, is a pleasant sketch. *Herbert Bascom, M.P.*, as played by Mr. SAM SOTHERN is capital, and in the last act inimitable.

The first-rate quality of the humorous but quite natural and simple situations in this last act is exhibited to the greatest advantage by Mr. MAURICE, Mr. SOTHERN and Mr. BOURCHIER, by whom the audience are kept intensely amused



THE ABUSE OF FAMILIAR PHRASES.

"ARE YOU COMING DOWN?" "YES!" "WELL, HURRY UP!"

and highly delighted until the fall of the curtain. It is an act for men, and, impolite as it may sound, the ladies ought not to have been permitted to enter the Downing Street sanctum, which should have been to them as a place where they, as the "angels," should have "feared to tread." Pity that Mr. HOPE has given them the thoughtless part of the "fools" in this proverbial quotation. They are still "removables," poor dears! If only the author and manager dare! Well! *La vie est brève, Un peu d'espoir . . . et puis — bon soir.*

One word as to the rapidity of speech notable in this play. Where every line is worth hearing, as in *The School for Scandal*, such a rattling pace as that at which the dialogue in *Pilkerton's Peerage* is taken would utterly kill SHERIDAN's comedy. I am not denying that in this particular instance there is sufficient justification for this high-pressure-express method during at least two out of the four acts, and I admit that Mr. BOURCHIER, recognising the fact, does "slow down" at the first opportunity. The danger is that rapidity very soon rattles off into utter unintelligibility,—a seven-syllabled word made on purpose to be pronounced slowly.

THE IDEOCRAT AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

VI.

ON WHAT CONSTITUTES THE "LORDLIEST LIFE."

No, I am one who never cared to waste
The fleeting leisure wrung from honest toil
On cant of poets' columns in the *Times*.
Mind you, I make no quarrel with the scribes,
Who have to earn their pittance how they can;
But when I take my morning's sheet in hand
I look to feed my brain on useful fact—
The copper slump, the imminent rise in oil,
Peace-rumours, how they touch the Kaffir mart,
Pig-iron, what the punters make of that—
For these I look, and not to slake my lust,
Never too warm, on literary ware.
That's why your KIPLING's rhyme had left me cold,
Being overlooked amid more vital themes,
But for the clamour roused i' th' popular breast
(Fatuous from the first and now effete)
To find its heroes damned for doddering fools.

'Tis time one spoke the clinching word thereon:
And, though you rightly laugh to see me ranged
Among this class of prophet, I protest
Up to a certain point I'm with the bard.
I too contend our England's youth is sapped
By this deplorable waste of time and wit
Lavished upon a bounding leather ball,
Being owed to something higher; owed, in fact,
To the "lordliest life" our earth has got to show.
Only—and here our arguments diverge,
Mine and the poet's—we are not at one
Touching this lordliest life, just which it is.
He says "the Martial"; I, "the Millionaire's";
And score a personal point (mere proof aside),
Seeing I practise what ideal I preach,
And live the lordliest life my soul conceives;
While he, ecstatic on the militant state,
Remains civilian poet: one to me.
Which said, I stand upon impartial fact,
And, waiving private vantage, argue case.

For what's the life he lauds save means to end—
Commerce the end, defensive force the means?
How should the means be "lordlier" than the end?
He speaks of abstract honour? Then he speaks
A Middle-ages' jargon! What's a flag
Unless it symbolise the nation's trade?
And, this away, what's left to fight about?
One doesn't die for joy of painted Jacks;
I don't myself, at least, if others do;
Nor yet, what's more, is that the luxury
For which I pay expensive troops to fight,
Being taxed thereto at fourteen pence i' th' pound.
No, there your KIPLING gets above himself,
Talking Crusaders' prattle.

Still, I say,
Up to a certain point I'm with your man.
He has an eye unerringly remarks
The fatal microbe which infects the time.
For what, I ask, would be the state to-day
Of Britain's backbone had her coming men,
Her nascent millionaires, beguiled the hour
In flannelled dalliance over bat and ball
Beyond their sixteenth year, the plastic age
For taking on your true commercial mould?
One dares not think on it; and KIPLING's right
Who lays instinctively his poet's thumb
Upon the germ that undermines our health.

But to devise a cure, or show indeed
What constitutes the sanity we seek,
Demands, I doubt, a wiser head than his.
How best to warn our youth for England's needs—
'Tis a grave riddle asks solution here,
Baffling, for all his wit, the DUKE himself,
And might be well deferred another week. O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Tales of Dunstable Weir (METHUEN) are worthy of the lady who prefers to be known as ZACK, which is saying a good deal. By a coincidence, of course undesigned, probably unknown, her first tale, "Benjamin's Parrot's Fancy," is based on the same idea as MARK TWAIN's *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg*. A stranger comes into a remote village, announces that he is prepared to leave all his money to the first man that takes his fancy, enchains the population, dies, and is found to be absolutely insolvent. ZACK shares the plot with MARK. But the humour, the delightful self-revelation of the cunning and meanness of the hero's bucolic nature (glorified in his dealing with *Amelia Anne Spot*) are her own. "The Hall and He," the longest tale of the seven, shows us a lad, shrewd, selfish, greedy, an admirable foil to the devotion of his mother, and the hopeless despair of her foster son. There is a caustic humour about ZACK my Baronite finds refreshing. Here are a couple of flashes on a single page, describing the family of *Kitty Fervens's* husband, who "wadn't zactly mad, tho' his ideas was a bit jammed, and he reckoned he was the village pump and had to be fed on eggs to be kept gwaying." "There was *Mat*, small and crooked-toothed, with a fine knowledge o' other folk's fowls; and *Poddy Peter*, the youngest lad, the zame baing terrible anxious to do wi'out the power o' doing, tho' he wance picked up a druppeny-bit on the road."

The authorship of *The Trial of Man* (JOHN MURRAY) is a secret. "Anon, anon, Sir." Perhaps it is just as well that the strictest anonymity should in this instance be preserved. It is a spirited but mistaken attempt to produce, in laboured prose, effects similar to those wonderful creations of MILTON in *Paradise Lost*. Had the first chapter given us a faithfully exact picture of monastic life, and had the remainder of the romance been a dream of the *Serouge* and *Marley* character, ending with the moral improvement of the "sleeper awakened," there might have been some point in the fanciful story which would then have had more interest for the reader. The Baron cordially agrees with the author's opinion (expressed at page 234), that "the best of devils is bad company," and so, after recommending the writer to keep clear of such a very low set in his literary future, he has nothing more to say on the subject.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.—Lord RAYLEIGH, in his lecture at the Royal Institution, dealt with "the interference of one sound wave with another." "Will his lordship kindly inform us," writes a correspondent signing himself "Light and Airy," "in what respect a sound wave differs from an unsound wave? And ought he not, in the interests of public health at seaside resorts, to insist on the local authorities passing sanitary regulations to have every wave carefully examined by sanitary inspectors before it reaches the shore?"

MEM. FOR ACTOR-MANAGER T. R. H. M.—If *The Return of Ulysses* was a matter of grave anxiety to *Penelope*, how much more so will not *The "Returns" of "Ulysses"* (nightly) be to Mr. BEERBOHM TREE? May the suitors overcrowd the box office daily! *Prosit!*



THE NEW DANCE.

Miss Parliament (to her "Professor of Procedure"). "WELL, MR. BALFOUR, IT MAY BE VERY SIMPLE, BUT IT IS NOT AT ALL THE STEP I'VE BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO!"

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MORE STATUES.

THE German Emperor, not content with the endless erection of monuments in Berlin, has presented to the municipality of Rome a statue of GOETHE, to be set up in a public place, and has sent to the Syndic a telegram ending with the following words, roughly translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*—"May his statue, under the blue sky of the land which he sang, and where the laurel flourishes, form a lasting emblem of the sincere and hearty fellow-feeling which unites me and Germany to beautiful Italy."

The English version, issued by Reuter's Agency, contained the words, "under the blue sky where blooms the orange-tree." An orange-tree growing in the sky would stagger SANTOS DUMONT himself.

Having presented this possibly charming gift with these graceful words, the KAISER will doubtless extend his and Germany's sincere and hearty fellow-feeling, combined with German statues, to other cities. There is reason to believe that the following figures, with the accompanying dedicatory telegrams, are about to be sent off.

SCHILLER, to the municipality of Lucerne, to be erected on the Lake of the Four Cantons. Telegram to the Burgomaster—"May his effigy, by the lake he celebrated, where the blooming apple, hit by TELL's arrow, rose into the blue sky, for ever assure the brave Swiss that I and Germany are their best friends."

SCHILLER (a replica), to the municipality of Orleans, to be erected opposite the Cathedral. Telegram to the Maire—"May his statue, made in Germany, and placed in the city of JEANNE, Maid of Orleans, about whom he wrote a very long five-act tragedy, testify to the valiant French that I and Germany are only too eager to be their best friends."

SCHILLER (another replica), to the Corporation of Edinburgh, to be erected near Holyrood. Telegram to the Lord Provost—"May this artistic and German presentment of him who wrote at such profuse length a five-act tragedy about MARIA STUART, embellish the so-called modern Athens—which, though it has hills, will be entirely eclipsed by Berlin, though absolutely flat, when I have provided the latter with a German statue at every street corner—and prove to Scotland on behalf of myself and Germany that blood is thicker than water."

SCHILLER (a third replica), to the municipal Council of Paris, to be erected in the Place du Théâtre Français. Telegram to the President of the Council—"May this statue of the author



Dolly. 'AUNTIE THAT'S WHAT I'VE DONE FOR THE COW-DRAWING COMPETITION AT SCHOOL.'

Auntie. "BUT IT IS MORE LIKE A HORSE THAN A COW."

Dolly. "IT IS A HORSE. BUT, PLEASE, DON'T TELL TEACHER!"

of Neffe als Onkel remind cultured and artistic France of the talent of German sculptors, of the fun of German authors—when they borrow from the French—and of the eternal friendship of myself and Germany."

HEINE, to the Corporation of London, to be erected opposite the Mansion House. Telegram to the Lord Mayor—"May his effigy, under the smoky sky he scorned, and facing the temple of that English cookery he liked so little, form a lasting token of the undying affection of myself and Germany."

LESSING, to the Turkish authorities in

Jerusalem. Telegram to the Pacha—"May this figure of him who wrote *Nathan der Weise*, adorning Jerusalem, the scene of the play, and also the scene of the Crusading spectacular drama, of which I was the leading gentleman, prove to all the subjects of my beloved friend, my more than brother, the SULTAN—may his shadow never grow less—that the concession of the Bagdad railway having been at last arranged, the guns ordered from Herr KRUPP, and other little matters settled, there beat for them no warmer hearts than mine and Germany's."



AT THE RINK.

Little Girl. "OH, CAPTAIN SPRAWLER, DO PUT ON YOUR SKATES, AND SHOW ME THE FUNNY FIGURES YOU CAN MAKE."

Captain S. "MY DEAR CHILD, I'M ONLY A BEGINNER. I CAN'T MAKE ANY FIGURES."

Little Girl. "BUT MABEL SAID YOU WERE SKATING YESTERDAY, AND CUT A RIDICULOUS FIGURE!"

DRAMA À LA MAETERLINCK.

(After a careful perusal of "*Pelléas et Mélisande*.")

If your object is to shine
In the morbid-tragic line
As quite the latest philosophic star,
You must start each observation
With some plaintive exclamation,
And ejaculate an "Oh!" or an "Ah!"

Should you casually remark
That the night is rather dark,
Or mention that the wind begins to blow,

Repeat it twice or thrice,
And season with a spice
Of the stimulating "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

In this apt reiteration
You will find a revelation

Which stirs the deepest chords of joy
and woe,
And the trite and inartistic
Sounds poetical and mystic
When embellished with a "hola ho!"

If a speech abruptly ceases
With an aposiopesis,
Your meaning most evasive who can
guess?

So just put on the stopper
When about to be improper,
And then break off with a "Yes! Yes!
Yes!"

This your *style*, and now your *matter*
Must be madder than a hatter,
Of "properties" symbolic keep a
stock,

Such as doves and bolts and chains,
Smelly caves and gory stains,
And a wonderfully chiming castle clock.

Let your *dramatis personæ*
Dwell in castles cold and stony,
Or in forests where no light has ever
been;

The scene is always shady,
And, of course, your leading lady
Has a character in keeping with the
scene.

Though her beauty is Byronic,
Her propensity is chronic
For dropping things entrusted to her
care;—

She tosses crowns and rings
Down unfathomable springs,
And inundates the hero with her hair.

Make your old men idiotic,
And your little boy neurotic,
The husband and the hero both insane;
If their motives are umbrageous,
And their actions quite outrageous,
Why the merit of your drama must be
plain.

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

[The *Table Tennis Gazette* has issued its first number.]

THE games our fathers played at school
Were poor, unscientific stuff,
The muddled oaf and flannelled fool
Were stupid and absurdly rough;
But brighter days have dawned and
many's

The blessing poured on table tennis.

The poet's heart, that used to bound
To hear the woodland huntsman's
scream

Backed by the tongue of every hound,
Now soars towards a sweeter theme—
A panegyric of Ping-pong
In unpremeditated song.

And if you should be keen to know
The latest table-tennis news,
Who won the cup at Ben-by-Bow,
Which shape of racket champions use,
Or what's the latest kind of net—
You'll find it all in the *Gazette*.

Here every student of the game
May learn (by cuts) the proper shot
For every stroke that has a name,
And many others that have not.
Here you may learn if it is true
That TOSHER's got his Ping-pong blue.

And oh, the blessed day must come
When journalist and racing tout,
Author and critic all are dumb,
And Ping-pong occupies about
(In place of politics and crimes)
A dozen columns of the *Times*.

FROM the *Guardian*:—

WORK (Living or gd. Cur.), of a "soul-satisfying" activity, REQD., by Pr. (35, M.A.), aft. East., of val. expr. (ld. and naval). Str. with males. Vy. mus. Strictly P.-bk. doct. and rit. No subsequent cavil. Able pr.; ed. cong. Bracing sphere. Abt. marry.—Explicit, etc.

"Explicit" is good.

OUR MISTRESS THE MAID.

I.

WHEN the wedding presents were arriving, AUGUSTA wept because she was not coming to London to keep Miss GWENDOLEN's beautiful silver in order. "I'd just love to clean it," she sobbed. "I'd have it all out on the side-board, and there'd never be a speck of dust on it."

Often and often, when the fog had played the mischief with our labours and the general had struck at laying another finger on the plate, did GWEN recall AUGUSTA's words. "JACK," she sighed, looking at the dingy brown utensils that saddened our dining-room, "Oh, JACK, if we only had AUGUSTA!"

"Ah," I sighed, sympathetically. "Do you think she would come?"

"We should have to give her double the wages we pay the Marchioness, and her fare from Aberdeen——"

"First-class?" I queried.

"Anything more despicable than the wit of the professional humorist——" began GWENDOLEN.

"Darling, I was stupid. By all means, let us try to get AUGUSTA. If she is more expensive than the Marchioness is, she will also be more effective."

"Yes, JACK, it will be ever so much cheaper in the end. We shan't have to do any housework. All our time will be free for writing. Why, we ought to make at least another £100 a year by it!"

"Undoubtedly," I acquiesced.

GWENDOLEN gave herself no small airs when a letter arrived announcing that AUGUSTA was graciously pleased to accept our offer. To sympathetic friends who tendered condescending, not to say contemptuous, enquiries after our *ménage*, GWENDOLEN replied with the calm confidence of one who has put her money on a dead cert. "An old family servant," she airily explained, "who nursed me when I was a baby. One of the regular old-fashioned sort, you know, who wash, scrub, cook—do everything. None of your mercenary, callous hirelings, but one who really is devoted to you, and makes your interests her own."

By this announcement amused contempt was turned to jealousy, and GWENDOLEN's paragon became the envy of all. CASSANDRA alone raised a note of warning. "Oh, beware of paragons! I suffered under an AUGUSTA for two long years and only got rid of her under false pretences and a prodigious effort of the imagination."

GWENDOLEN and I agreed, however, that CASSANDRA's prophecies were but an ebullition of spite designed to scare us from joys which she could never hope to share; and we did not suffer



OVERHEARD OUTSIDE A FAMOUS RESTAURANT.

"HULLO, GUS! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING ABOUT HERE FOR?"

"I'M WAITING TILL THE BANKS CLOSE. I WANT TO CASH A CHEQUE!"

them to interfere with the orgy of anticipation with which we awaited AUGUSTA's arrival.

"We must try to make her very happy, JACK."

"We must."

"And feel at home."

"We'll try."

"She has never been to London before, so I think we ought to show her about a little."

"Certainly."

The first month was a round of gaiety. To begin with, GWEN took AUGUSTA to St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, the National Gal-

lery, and the Zoo; but when I suggested Madame Tussaud's as the next day's dissipation, GWEN frowned and looked thoughtful.

"Do you know, JACK, I don't much think AUGUSTA cares for seeing London in this sort of way."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed.

"She was rather bored with St. Paul's, and as for the National Gallery——"

"The National Gallery!" said I. "Why, it contains some of the masterpieces of art——"

"But it is not exciting," replied GWEN.



"Is Mrs. DONNISTHORPE A PING-PONG CHAMPION?"

"No, DARLING, I DON'T THINK SO."

"THEN WHY DOES SHE HAVE P. P. C. ON HER CARD?"

"No, not exciting exactly——"

"You never go there yourself."

"Because you always refuse when I suggest it."

"You only suggest it because you know I will refuse."

"My dear girl, I have the utmost respect for the National Gallery——"

"JACK, don't be such an ass! The fact is AUGUSTA is dying to go to a music hall."

"A music hall?"

"Yes, she told me so herself. It was her great idea in coming to London."

"Then," said I, "to a music hall she must go."

AUGUSTA enjoyed the Empire so much that the next week we had to take her to the Alhambra, and shortly afterwards—a *penchant* for pantomime having declared itself—to Drury Lane. On her "evenings in" we supplied her with novels and, finding that she had a taste for tobacco, occasional cigarettes. In return for this AUGUSTA beamed benignly on us; the silver glittered and the brasses shone; and if her entertainment did add a trifle to her wages, still, as GWENDOLEN pointed out, the whole burden of house-keeping was lifted from our shoulders. GWEN no longer had to cook her own pudding, nor I to scrub the kitchen floor.

"What do you think?" cried GWEN one morning. "AUGUSTA insists on doing all the house-keeping, so I shan't have to think any more about endless lunches and dinners. She won't even let me help her clean the silver for fear I should 'soil my pretty hands.'"

"My dear, she is clearly a woman of discernment."

"And just fancy, JACK! She says she won't on any account have a regular evening out, as she knows I couldn't cook the dinner——"

"I told you she was a woman of discernment."

"But isn't it sweet of her? She says she wouldn't be happy unless she knew we were having a nice little dinner. How many generals would talk like that?"

"My dear," I remarked, "she is a perfect treasure."

(To be continued, however.)

PARADISE LOST.

[*"Oxford, which I loved of old, is now so full of tramways, baby baskets, feeding bottles, and vulgar villas, that I never go near it."*—Dr. Lee.]

YEAR in, year out, from morn to night,
The jerry-builders build;
From Headington to Hincksey height
Behold a brick-and-mortar blight;
A valley—once the eye's delight—
With vulgar villas filled!

And mid suburban wastes so wide,
With houses planted thick,
Now scarcely may the tower be spied
'Neath which old Cherwell loves to glide;
The spires that once were England's pride
Are drowned in seas of brick.

On every pavement jostle us
A thousand teeming prams;
Along the High, with noise and fuss,
Rattles the tawdry painted bus;
Carfax is Piccadilly *plus*
Innumerable trams.

And cloistered clerks who once were versed
In ARISTOTLE'S lore,
In villa nurseries dispersed,
Discuss how babies should be nursed
When little teeth are coming first
And little gums are sore.

HOME LIFE AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

(Page from a City Man's Pocket Diary.)

Monday.—Never saw my wife looking better. Delighted she picked up that bargain at the Stores without waiting to consult me. Would have been foolish to lose it. Pax Africans 94.

Tuesday.—Can't stand the extravagance of the household any longer. Fancy ordering a couple when a single sole would have been sufficient! And why not a slip? Absolutely disgusting! Pax Africans 84.

Wednesday.—Quite right arranging a little dinner party at the Splendid. Far better to have it at a hotel than at home. May be a trifle more expensive, but what of that? My dear wife is always full of excellent ideas! Pax Africans 95.

Thursday.—I shall certainly give up this house! Of all the brutal extravagance! Fancy, a new carpet! A new carpet! Pax Africans down to 80!

Friday.—Didn't go to the City. Left Pax Africans to do what they pleased.

Saturday.—Glad my wife fetched me from the house. Delightful drive and excellent dinner. Home management couldn't be better. Pax Africans up to 120.

LORD HOPETOUN appeals to Australian ladies to curtail the length of their skirts. But is this not just a *little* unkind? Ladies always miss their trains.



Tommy (pointing to kicker). "I SAY, DOROTHY, WHY HAS THAT HORSE GOT A RED RIBBON ON HIS TAIL?"
Dorothy. "I DON'T KNOW. I SUPPOSE HE MUST HAVE BEEN VACCINATED!"

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.

PROFOUNDLY impressed by the practical utility of the American Professor's successful extraction (as recently announced) of light from decayed meat and vegetables, *Mr. Punch* commissioned a special correspondent to interview the scientist personally.

He reports that he found him in bed, and somewhat pale and emaciated, doubtless from hard study. The apartment, which might be described as rather "a strong room," was rather inadequately lighted by a brace of grouse, hung very high, and a blown salmon-tin, but the Professor, in apologising for the feebleness of these illuminants, explained that whenever he felt well enough to get up—which, in consequence of the nature of his pursuits, was not often—he could turn on some cabbages that made dressing easy—and even speedy.

He wished to correct the report which had got into the papers that he had caused a porter-house steak to emit light enough to take a photograph. This was inexact. He had certainly kept a steak with that intention, and it had as certainly emitted something, but either it was not light or the exposure had not been sufficient for photographic purposes.

The Professor was enthusiastic as to the future of his invention, and sounded the interviewer upon a suitable site for a factory in London. To the suggestion, made by our Special with a large pocket-handkerchief tightly held over his nose and mouth, of "Turnham Green," he replied that, though he was not himself familiar with the topography of London, it had a likely sound.

He pointed out the immense advantages inherent in the simplicity of method of distribution, and stated that he looked forward confidently to the time when ptomaines would be as common in our cities as gas mains are now. He did not

recommend the use of his illuminant so much for public halls as for confined spaces, but prophesied that its introduction into, for instance, gaols, would ultimately result in a great saving in the cost to the country of the criminal classes.

Altogether, *Mr. Punch's* correspondent came away (in a fainting state, requiring immediate stimulants) very favourably impressed with what he had heard, and his report, properly disinfected, has been duly filed in a Bouverie Street rubbish heap.

PIGMETOPHAGUS.

[“A Parisian doctor has discovered that white and grey hair is caused by the ravages of a microbe called the pigmetophagus.”—*Daily Paper*.]

You who, worn with anxious care,
Plod along life's weary way,
If you find your raven hair
Now is tinged and streaked with grey,
Ask you what should make it thus?
'Tis the Pigmetophagus.

Greybeard, ah! you come too late
With your obsolete pretence;
Hoary head, your claims abate!
To bespeak youth's reverence
Would be too preposterous—
For a Pigmetophagus.

Thus does science, year by year,
Going on its ruthless road,
Faiths our fathers would revere
One by one in turn explode,
Offering instead to us
Only—Pigmetophagus.



Nurse (who has been many hours on duty—to patient's mother) 'WHEN DO YOU THINK I SHALL BE ABLE TO GO TO BED?'

Patient's Mother. "GO TO BED! I THOUGHT YOU WERE A TRAINED NURSE!"

THE SEVEN STAGES OF PREVENTION.

First.—Papers again full of it. As if anyone wanted to know the statistics of the new scare. Cricket match at the Antipodes far more interesting. Still, of course, it was quite seven years ago. Now I come to think of it CHARLIE was a baby. Bless me, it must be twenty!

Second.—Really, I mustn't trifle. Fancied my age would protect me—well, or rather badly, over forty—but someone says that in the eighteenth century it attacked an old woman of ninety. Well under that age, at any

rate. Think I shall avail myself of doctor's invitation.

Third.—Doctor says it won't hurt in the least. Oh dear no, not nearly so bad as having a tooth out. No, not even when you have it with cocaine. He thinks it would be wiser if I had it done to-day. Make appointment for to-morrow.

Fourth.—Doctor as good as his word. Gives me choice of arms. I say right. He suggests left. Why left? Oh, nothing, he explains, only if it takes badly, I'd better have my right arm free. Of course, if I had it on the right I

could dictate. Don't like his tone. But I am in for it.

Fifth.—Have been hearing nothing but stories of an agitating character. One fellow found it affect the whole of his arm, inclusive of his hand; couldn't wear gloves because he couldn't get any big enough. Wanted twelves. If it weren't for these anecdotes should feel very comfortable. No complaints at present.

Sixth.—Dear me! I have had a time of it! Although I put a piece of red ribbon round my arm, and said I used my left for shaking hands, everybody seemed to get at it! Always being patted on the arm or lugged by the arm! Such beastly carelessness! And—there it goes again! Talk about the tortures of the Middle ages! It is a torture of the middle-aged! Would laugh at the excellent jest—if I could. But, oh dear!

Seventh.—Crisis over! Cured! Can read statistics with equanimity. Wonderful invention. Forget who thought of it. Was it SIR HUMPHRY DAVY or ISAAC NEWTON, or ABERNETHY, or HARVEY or JENNER, or ERASMUS WILSON? So ignorant not to know. Must ask my doctor. Pleased with my doctor for being in the right.

SHOULD TIME PERMIT!

Air—"Were I thy Bride!"

Should time permit,
What measures will we fit
As here we sit,

A legislative band—
Should time permit!

Yes, we will think
Of those poor souls that sink
In seas of drink,
And stretch a saving hand—
Should time permit!

We will create
A system good and great
To educate

Our daughters and our sons—
Should time permit!

We will devise
New methods, sound and wise,
To ope the eyes

Of our blind little ones—
Should time permit!

Hovels and holes,
Where stricken human souls
Burrow like moles,

Shall vanish 'neath our care—
Should time permit!

We will be nigh
To hear the smothered cry
Of those that die

For want of light and air—
Should time permit!



A RIFT IN THE CLOUDS.

BRITANNIA. "IS IT PEACE?"

["A communication was received late on Saturday night, January 25, from the Dutch Government, which is now under consideration."]

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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, January 27th.—CAWMELL-BANNERMAN is not by nature envious. Yet, sitting through to-night's debate on the Telephone Settlement, he could not repress feeling of jealousy at position of PRINCE ARTHUR and his colleagues in the Government. Has had borne in upon him the conviction that were he and his friends in office just now, responsible for this arrangement with the Telephone Company, they would be swept out amid a roar of execration.

It seemed for a while that even faithful Unionists would, as CLAUDE HAY grandly said just now, put duty to their constituents before fealty to their party. The metropolis stirred to profoundest depths of indignation; Conference at Guildhall, representative of all classes of interest, commissioned LORD MAYOR to move amendment on Address demanding suspension of the bargain struck between Post Office and Telephone Company. Gravity of crisis indicated by circumstance that LOUGH, vinegar of Radicalism, was invited to second amendment moved by LORD MAYOR, oil of Conservatism. To the ingenuous Man looking in from the Street, situation seemed critical. If Government were not actually defeated, their majority would be run down to ominous figure. As C.-B. felt, had a Liberal Government sat on Treasury Bench, their fate would have been assured. PRINCE ARTHUR, familiar with his men, did not even take the trouble to sit out the debate. He well knew that all this sound and fury signified nothing; at crack of whip the grumbling dogs would come to heel.

Nor was he mistaken. Member after Member rose from Ministerial Benches, denounced arrangement as almost incredibly futile, and concluded by declaring that he would not support amendment. LORD MAYOR among the first to lay down his arms. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN generously promised that three years hence, the public meanwhile suffering the inconvenience and injury described by successive speakers, there shall be enquiry.

"Thank you kindly," said the LORD MAYOR, looking at the clock and observing dinner-hour was at hand; "that will do for me; I beg leave to withdraw my amendment."

C.-B. so amused at solemn farce that once he broke into a chuckle, and was sternly reproved by AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

"Surely," he pleaded, "the right hon. gentleman will allow me to smile."

AUSTEN, hardly mollified by being thus endowed with Privy Council rank, was not sure that the privilege claimed

might be extended. Consequently C.-B. restrained his risibility when LOUGH tried to wheedle the Ministerialists into voting for the amendment. It was technically a vote of want of confidence, and, if carried, Ministers would resign.

"Not a bit of it," said LOUGH. "Think what we did eight years ago in the session the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD assumed leadership of House. We moved amendment to Address praying the QUEEN to withdraw from House of Lords their power of vetoing Bills. We got our own Government defeated by a majority of two. Did they resign? Not they. They dropped the first Address, brought in another with a comma altered here

of itself forthwith adjourned for a week.

Tuesday Night.—There is something almost uncanny about Mr. COGWHEEL—I beg his pardon, Mr. COGHILL. Has a way of turning up suddenly, unexpectedly, putting awkward questions, designed to make his esteemed pastors and masters on the Treasury Bench uncomfortable. Personal appearance and accidental choice of position add force to his influence. When from below gangway he springs up and turns upon PRINCE ARTHUR an ashen-grey countenance and a glassy stare, there ever comes back to the mind the thought, "What a Ghost of *Banquo* is lost at Stoke-on-Trent!"

Rarely makes ordered speech; his *métier* the hollow intonation of inconvenient questions put at awkward moment. As a rule they don't appear on the Paper. That would spoil everything. Your experienced ghost, contemplating a night visit to a particular mortal, doesn't advertise his intention through the newspapers or the penny post. A low groan, a rattling of chains, a whisper of weird wind behind the arras, if the furniture of the room happens to include the thing; in the open fireplace if it doesn't. That is all you get by way of premonition from the ordinary ghost.

COGWHEEL (it's no use struggling against association of ideas), when he wants to put a spoke in the Ministerial machinery doesn't even rattle his watch-chain. The first thing heard is an accusatory voice; the first thing seen is a figure below the gangway subtly diffusing air of discontent.

The other night, *à propos des bottes*, COGWHEEL sprang up and wanted to know whether the First Lord of the Treasury had provided a seat in Parliament for the Vice-President of the Irish Board of Agriculture. No one was at the moment thinking of HORACE PLUNKETT, or of the great work he has accomplished for the welfare of Ireland and is modestly pushing forward. PRINCE ARTHUR was so taken aback he could only stammer protest that it is not his business to find seats in the House for anyone out of it.

COGWHEEL knew what he was about. This was the night MACARTNEY, spokesman of ultra-Ulster feeling, which has never forgiven HORACE PLUNKETT for being actuated in the disposal of a small office of profit simply by consideration of the merits of the candidate, was to have his fling at the Vice-President of the Irish Board of Agriculture. He bracketed him with Mr. QUIN, the reporter in attendance on a Board of Guardians, whom MACARTNEY graphically described as going round with a ruler in intervals of his profes-



MR. BANQUO COGWHEEL.

and there, and went on as if nothing had happened. You vote for this amendment, moved by the good LORD MAYOR, and nothing will happen except that the Telephone service will be put on another footing."

"Duckie, duckie, come and be killed," murmured a voice from Ministerial side.

That sort of little game all very well for Radicals; doesn't suit book of Unionists. Request for permission to withdraw amendment refused; House divided, and a settlement, denounced on all sides, in whose favour no voice was uplifted save from Ministerial Bench, approved by majority of 88.

Business done.—In House of Lords young WEMYSS made a night of it; inflicted on listless Peers vituperative speech of hour's duration. Others followed. A dreary performance. House of Lords at lowest pitch. So ashamed

sional avocation and tapping selected Guardians on the head.

Nothing since this Parliament began has delighted the MEMBER FOR SARK so much as this peep at the pleasantries at Irish Boards of Guardians.

"According to MOLIÈRE," he says, "*Le véritable Amphitryon est l'Amphitryon où l'on dine*." According to MACARTNEY's narrative, the real Home Ruler is the sociable but disciplinary Mr. QUIN."

COGWHEEL, having got wind of MACARTNEY's intention, merely desired by enquiry addressed to PRINCE ARTHUR to fix members' minds on the additional drawback to PLUNKETT's state of perfection—that, being a Minister, he is not provided with a seat in the Commons.

To-night COGWHEEL operated in direction of seconding amendment designed to reduce the number of Irish Members. A little paradoxical, since last time we heard him he was wanting to get another into the House. On the whole, COGWHEEL is better in the character of weird questioner than in the more common-place one of speechmaker.

Business done.—Still on Address.

Thursday Night.—"What do you think of it?" I asked the MEMBER FOR SARK when PRINCE ARTHUR sat down after hour and twenty minutes exposition of new plan of procedure.

"I think it is a scheme devised mainly with purpose of extinguishing the private Member. Not much of that estimable personage left under old order of things; subject to new Standing Orders he will be nowhere. Observe how gently, but firmly, he is shouldered off the scene. On four days a week Government business begins at half-past two; private Member shut off till a quarter-past seven, when, if he likes



NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN.

Mr. Speaker endeavours to count more than forty.

["Mr. Speaker never has counted more than forty."—Mr. Balfour.]

to stay on, he may put Questions. No longer has he for this hitherto cheapest, most effective form of personal advertisement, the freshest hour of a sitting, the cheering environment of a crowded House. Hereafter when he rises to put a question the great majority of Members will have scurried off to dress for dinner, leaving him to deliver his Elegy in the solitude of a Country Churchyard. At eight o'clock steam of Questions peremptorily shut off. If his turn hasn't come he may hang about till midnight and take it.

"Amused me to observe enthusiasm with which ingenu-

ous private Member cheered proposal to make Friday even as Wednesday is. Instead of meeting at noon and parting at six on Wednesday, that day will be added to the Government bag, and Friday will be the short sitting. This is feeding the dog with a bit of his own tail. While Ministers acquire in Wednesday a good business sitting, the private Member will find himself—and this only up to Whitsuntide—in possession of what will practically be a *dies non*. The temptation to make holiday on Friday will be irresistible. Ministers will look on unconcerned, having made the most of their four days.

"In brief, Tony mio, you and other private Members are generously presented with the scanty leavings of a tired day. You notice how punctilious PRINCE ARTHUR was to allude to Government time as 'afternoon sitting'? That was designed to convey impression that Ministers merely appropriate the afternoon, leaving the evening and the night to the gorged private Member. Practically you will find as the new rules work, that the Government have pouched the whole time of the Session. Nominally there are afternoon sittings and evening sittings. The hapless private Member will find himself a sort of Parliamentary Lotus Eater. He has 'come into a land where it is always afternoon.'"

Business done.—The private Members'



THE BETTING EVIL.

Waiter (down tube). "WILD DUCK, ONE!"
Voice from the kitchen. "DID HE? JUST LIKE MY LUCK! BACK!
ANOTHER WRONG 'UN!"

BY-LAWS AND REGULATIONS

Relating to Metropolitan Perambulators.

[According to a recent decision of the Kent County Council, all perambulators within its jurisdiction are henceforward to carry lights.]

DEFINITIONS.

The term "perambulator" shall cover every light vehicle, go-cart, mail-cart, Tate's sugar-box on wheels, or barrow used for the out-door carriage and transportation of infants and propelled by nursemaids on foot.

The designation "nursemaid" shall apply to either parent or any other male or female pedestrian in charge of the light vehicle for the time being.

The word "infant" shall be taken to include every baby, child, package, work-basket, sack of potatoes or any object whatsoever conveyed in such light vehicle.

In accordance with popular usage, the short title "pram" shall hereafter be substituted for the longer form "perambulator."

BY-LAWS AND REGULATIONS.

1. Every nursemaid shall carry a badge not less than a foot square with a registered number in a conspicuous position; and any attempt to conceal the same shall render the bearer liable to a penalty not exceeding forty shillings.

2. Each "pram" and infant shall respectively bear a badge of similar dimensions, with a corresponding penalty



CRUEL.

Rich Old Aunt. "ROBERT, I'M GOING TO MAKE MY WILL, I THINK I SHALL LEAVE YOU—" (Pause.)
 Attentive Nephew (eagerly). "YES, AUNT?"
 Aunt. "—BEFORE LONG."

for concealment, recoverable from the owner or parent, as the case may be.

3. An under-nursemaid shall precede each "pram" at a distance of three yards, carrying a red flag.

4. To obviate all further danger, a gong must be attached to every "pram," and be sounded continuously as long as any foot passenger is in sight, the infant (where possible) being trained to reinforce this alarm-signal with its voice.

5. No "prams" will be allowed in future upon the pavement, but shall proceed with bicycles, milk-carts, and other wheeled traffic along the roadway.

6. Any "pram" left unattended, while the nursemaid is engaged in shopping, flirting with guardsmen or others, paying calls, or visiting public-houses, shall be taken forthwith to the nearest police office and thence to Scotland Yard, the infant being removed to the Foundling Hospital, or otherwise summarily dealt with.

7. "Prams" are to travel in single file, and at the rate of two hours a mile, any higher speed being punishable by a fine, not exceeding Five Pounds, for furious pushing.

8. Any nursemaid convicted of jostling a passer-by, or wheeling over the corns of the same, or impinging upon any bunion, kibe, or chilblain whatsoever, shall *ipso facto* forfeit his or her "pram"-licence, the infant being confiscated.

MILITARY MEMS.

MY GOOD AND GALLANT SIR,—My suggestions anent the Volunteers seem to have given general satisfaction. An adjutant certainly writes to me that something might be done to improve his quadruped. I find a vast improvement in the chargers used by the mounted officers of the auxiliary forces, especially in the Militia. When I had the honour, some twenty or thirty years ago, of serving as an adjutant in the Shoreditch Sharpshooters—I fancy by the territorial system they have become the reserve battalion of a Highland regiment—I used to get my horse from an omnibus proprietor. When this intelligent creature returned to his civilian duties he always, when he recognised me, paid me the compliment of coming sharply to attention with his ears. But in spite of this chivalrous civility he seemed on parade to miss his mate and the staff of the public conveyance to which he really belonged.

During the last few days I have had the advantage of seeing a specimen of the coat and cloth of the future. In colour it is not unlike pea-soup, or rather, a species of Chinese blanc-mange. At a distance, no doubt, it might be taken for a dog kennel, a wheel-barrow,

or the linen dépôt attached to a Herne Bay bathing machine. From this it will be seen that the colour is calculated to excite the curiosity of our opponents, especially if they happen to be savages. In shape the new coat favours the Norfolk jacket. If taken into civilian wear there is nothing to prevent it being used out rabbit-shooting or when decanter port in the wine cellar. It is not exactly "dressy," but if it were dyed black and trimmed up a bit with

still, they will be less discernible by our opponents. The intelligent tradesman who showed me the patterns was most kind in his explanations. "Are the Household Troops to wear them?" I ventured to inquire. "Oh dear no, Sir," was the prompt reply. "They would not think of putting His Majesty's Guards into anything so dreadful. No, Sir, the Guards, Sir, are to remain as they are." I congratulate the Guards.

A. DUGOUT, Captain.



She. "THAT IS THE WALRUS."
He. "AND WHERE IS THE CARPENTER?"

silk it would make a very good smoking-jacket to be worn before the kitchen fire of a "liberty hall" kind of establishment belonging to a friend of forty years' standing who wasn't a stickler for appearances.

In the new coat the rank badges have disappeared—at least so far as the shoulders are concerned. In their place brown braid creeps up the arms in a snake-like fashion. A second-lieutenant has a small adder; a captain a sort of conger eel. Field officers have the conger eel plus the high stalks of what I took to be Japanese poppies. Of course this mode of decoration is not quite so smart as the stars and crowns;

OVERSTEPPING THE MARK.

MAJOR RONALD ROSS, who is directing the malaria investigations of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine on the West Coast of Africa, beats Mark Tapley's record for feeling jolly under difficulties.

Writing cheerily to Sir ALFRED L. JONES, the merry Major says: "I have great pleasure in informing you that Dr. DUTTON has made a very important discovery at Bathurst. He has found a new kind of parasite which causes fever in human beings." It is to be hoped that Sir ALFRED replied in the same lively strain, and had "great pleasure" in ordering a dozen!



Gent (who has just executed a double somersault and is somewhat dazed). "NOW, WHERE THE DICKENS HAS THAT HORSE GONE TO!"

AMARYLLIS AT THE PLAY.

The scene is Box No. 2 at a theatre, where, in consequence of the wonderful success of "Frocks and Frills" at the Haymarket, a "new and thoroughly original comedy, entitled 'Furniture and Fur-belous,'" has been produced. The orchestra is playing, and the foot-lights and limelights are in full lustre. Presently a tall, slim, rosy-checked girl with soft blue eyes dances into the box. A handsome, rather bored young man follows leisurely with two programmes. It is AMARYLLIS and her brother VIVIAN.

Vivian (slowly crushing his hat). I would much rather have gone to a pantomime.

Amaryllis (letting her cloak slip back on to her chair). Oh, Vi! how can you say so! This will be simply heavenly. (Feverishly devouring the programme and extracting a pair of diminutive opera glasses from a case—reads.) "Act I. Madame Celestine's, a fashionable milliner and Court dressmaker." Won't it be lovely! All the characters will be dressed in the very newest things. Look! "The dresses in Act I. have been specially made in Paris and

Vienna." How splendid; it tells you who made the different dresses worn by all the characters!

Vivian. All right for you, but I think that sort of thing's awful rot.

Ama. Oh, Vi! (Reads on.) "Act II. Messrs. Bricca de Brac, the Court Furnishers." That is bound to be a splendid scene, Vi. Absolutely the newest designs in tapestry hangings are to be shown, and the furnishing exhibits all the latest revivals in antique furniture.

Vivian. That sort of thing's all right for old oak collectors and grandfather clock maniacs, but I think it's rot.

Ama. Oh, Vi! (Reading from programme.) "The carpets are from designs in the most valuable collection of a distinguished Turkish official, and reflect exactly the prevailing taste." Act III. Oh, in this Act, Vi, there is the most wonderful display of real flowers that has ever been put on the stage. Mamma particularly wants to see this act because of the marvellous arrangement of electric lights. They are done by the Electrical Supply Company, and, it is said, have created quite a new mode in electric lighting.

Vivian (yawning). I wish it were a panto, MAY.

Ama. What nonsense, Vi. You're never satisfied. Hush!

[The orchestra ceases, the lights in the auditorium go out, and the curtain rises.

Vivian (listlessly). This is the dress-maker's shop, isn't it?

Ama (leaning forward, breathlessly taking in all the details). Yes. Isn't it simply beautiful?

[They are silent as the play proceeds.

Vivian. Who's the pretty girl talking now?

Ama. I don't quite know. Her dress came from Madame ROPRE.

Vivian. Who's the dark woman who keeps laughing?

Ama. Lady Vixen her name is. Her dress is from Vienna, isn't it perfect? I shall certainly have my new one made like that in front. (As a new character comes on the scene.) Oh! how exquisite. Vi, just look at that gown.

Vivian. Who is she?

Ama. I haven't the least idea, but isn't that lace simply beautiful? I expect it's frightfully expensive. I wonder if Mamma could coax enough out of Papa to get me one for the Trevor's like that. I am sure it cost an awful amount, Vi. Do help me to find out who made it. I wish the characters had numbers instead of names, it would

be much simpler. Here it is, Madame PLACQUET, Regent Street.

Vivian (gloomily). I like a play with some sort of story in it that you can grasp.

Ama (reproachfully). VIVIAN, this is a delightful plot. Look, that's the Marchioness of Ilford, she is very hard up.

Vivian. Why, she's got a small fortune on her in lace and diamonds.

Ama. She is in love with that tall man Lord Cachou, who is a millionaire. The Marchioness gives a grand party or dinner, or something in Act III., when she counts on Lord Cachou proposing to her.

Vivian. The chap who's so bashful?

Ama. Yes. And the only way the Marchioness can bring him up to proposing point is by making herself extremely fascinating. Her complexion is her weak point, and to discount its blemishes she is ordering a wonderful confection to exactly harmonise with it.

Vivian (protesting). Oh! I say—

Ama. Ah, but you are a "mere man." Hush! You hear, Madame Celestine is asking for her money. The Marchioness cannot pay. (As the curtain falls on the First Act.) Oh! isn't it thrilling! She is going to send the Marchioness the pale yellow gown—it will mean ruin; she will look ghastly in it!

Vivian (rising). Just going out for a cigarette.

(He absents himself for twenty minutes or so, re-entering in about middle of Act II.)

Ama (rapturously). Isn't the furniture gorgeous?

Vivian. Um! What are they doing now?

Ama. The Marchioness is ordering new furniture, quite the latest design, carpets and tapestry to match her complexion, when Lord Cachou comes to propose. Isn't it splendid? Oh! if only Papa would let us have a suite of that Louis furniture and those lovely satin panels!

Vivian. Yes, but what's the furniture Johnny making such a fuss about?

Ama. Why, don't you know, he is in love with the Marchioness.

Vivian. What cheek!

Ama. And, to prevent Lord Cachou proposing, he is going to send home, in place of all the beautiful things she has ordered, a complete set of early Wesleyan horsehair furniture. Isn't it awful!

(At this important juncture the curtain falls on Act II.)

Vivian. I'll just go out and tell the chap to be up in time with the brougham. (Executes strategic movement to smoking lounge, returning after the curtain has risen on Act III.) Hullo, the Marchioness is going it strong now.



Miss Symple (who has only just "come out"). "DO YOU KNOW I CAN EASILY REMEMBER ALL THE DINNERS I'VE BEEN TO."

Young Fitznoddie (who is not great at conversation). "CAN YOU? AW—BUT YOU DON'T LOOK SO VERY GREEDY!"

Ama. Yes. Look! She has just found the spiteful dressmaker has sent home the yellow gown. It will ruin her chances with Lord Cachou. Enough to make any woman mad. Oh! Vi, the servants are removing the Holland covers from the furniture!

Vivian (briskly). That has upset her.

Ama. Yes. It's the horsehair furniture! Hark! there is a knocking at the door.

Vivian. It's Cachou.

Ama. He will never propose.

Vivian. Don't blame him.

Ama. The servant comes in. The

Marchioness is almost fainting. Isn't her complexion shocking?

Vivian. Hullo! she's bucking up. What's the note she's reading?

Ama. She is saved, saved, Vi! Lord Cachou has proposed by letter. (The curtain falls on the conclusion of the play amid the wildest applause. Pulling on her cloak.) Isn't it splendid! What a difference from the old-fashioned plays! And the title is so appropriate—Furniture and—

Vivian. I say, AMARY, come on! They'll be waiting supper for us!

[Exeunt.]